

1984

Drought

Chingoli Changa

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Drought

Abstract

Dry leaves are fallen, naked trees stand bereaved; dawn has quietly receded into earth's passive night, there to await millennium.

Of all the plentiful provisions
in Hell
Food is foreign,
Though fire is free.
From what I know about Hell
The toothless can't go there!
Well, without teeth
What shall be gnashed in Hell?
Yet without teeth
How shall the toothless
chew in Heaven?

Chingoli Changa

DROUGHT

Dry leaves are fallen,
naked trees stand bereaved;
dawn has quietly receded
into earth's passive night,
there to await millennium.

Orphaned birds whisper,
the cicadas are silenced;
rivers curl up in fear,
beneath the sand they hide,
there to await millennium.

Laughter lies asleep
buried in uhuru dust;
the folly of slogans is bared:
messiah snores in the palace,
awaiting his glorious funeral.